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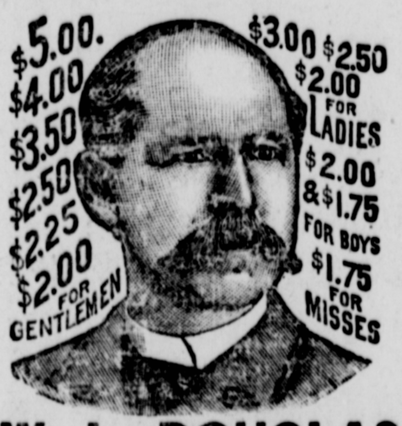

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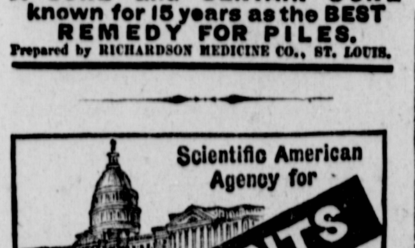

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NYE IN SANTA CLAUS.

HE SAYS HE IS UNFITTED FOR THE LIFE OF A MONK.

The Lady Who Was Anxious to See a Dog, Which Recalls an Incident In William's Paris Career—Eating a Tomale—How Walton Was Saved.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

SANTA CLAUS, Cal., April.

The old missions of California are a great treat. I have visited a number of them. At first I thought they were built and operated for the entertainment of excursionists, but I now find that they are genuine and do much good.

ACCOMPANIED BY SEVERAL ATTRACTIVE LADIES.

The mission at Santa Barbara is an elderly building of some size, and inside of the monastery through the iron barred windows monks may be observed engaged in "monking," as Mr. Barnabee might say.

Inside the chapel a middle aged monk was dusting the nave with a feather duster and polishing the hard benches so as to make it more difficult to sit on them. By and by perhaps he will make it impossible. I trust so. At present each attendant supplies his own "rozzum."

Several attractive ladies accompanied me, and when the monk heard their voices he turned, looked the other way and said something to himself. A man can't be too careful that way if he be connected with the monking industry.

Only two women have ever crossed the threshold of the monastery proper. They were Princess Louise and Mrs. Harrison. Ever since then the brotherhood have been engaged in trying to overcome this by a rigid course of devotions worthy of a better cause.

Looking over the rules required of these monks, I can see how eminently unfitted I am for such a life. Nothing could be more widely different than their lives and the gay, butterfly existence I now lead, flitting as I do from place to place, pausing only here and there to earn an honest dollar if possible, but taking silver, of course, in some instances here on the coast.

I do not know exactly how old these missions are, but they are pretty old and rather picturesque. There should be better facilities there for the tourist to drop a shilling in the box for the aid of the mission, for they would not mind it. They get accustomed to the act of contributing to most everything as they go along.

One lady of our party is very fond of dogs. She found that there was a collection of these animals stopping at Redlands. It was a troop of educated dogs seeking to elevate the stage. They were spending the Sabbath at a livery stable there, having played to S. R. O. (standing room only) at San Bernardino on Saturday evening.

The lady was anxious to see them, and so asked a large man in a white hat and shirt sleeves who was oiling a buggy if he could tell her where they were. He opened a door, took down a fence and helped her find them after some trouble. When she came away, she gave him a shilling for his trouble, but he said the dogs were not his, and that it was no trouble, etc. When she got to the hotel, she found that he was one of the most wealthy men in the state.

This reminds me of an incident which occurred when I was in France. My letter of credit was payable at the main bank of the Credit Lyonnaise, a very thriving concern with branches all over Europe. I used to go to this bank very often, as it is very kind to Americans and has beautiful reading and writing parlors and a night school for wealthy Americans who wish to learn reading and writing, but who have never had time to attend to it.

I was always waited upon by one of the officials, who was extremely courteous to me. His name was M. Trozeaulebong. When I came away one day, I expressed my gratitude to him, and from force of habit alone pressed into his palm a 5-franc piece. He accepted it with a Lewy Quadroon bow, and as he placed it with his other francs in his purse he said: "Perhaps monsieur has no engagements for tomorrow—Sunday—if so would he honor me with a visit to my country place near Versailles? I should be most joyful to call for him at his address with my drag in the morning, and monsieur could remain at Versailles until Monday if he chose."

I accepted more out of curiosity than anything else and found an establishment that threw my North Carolina bungalow entirely in the shade. He was an excellent host and pressed me so hard to remain that the creases in my trousers could be seen for two weeks.

I was pained last week to read his name in the reports of the Panama affair and can hardly believe that he is the man. It must be some other M. Trozeaulebong, I think.

Yesterday I ate a tomale.

The tomale, if well made, is said to be very toothsome, but unprincipled Portuguese and Greasers sometimes make them of inferior material. They are made of chicken and hot things chopped up together and rolled in a corn husk. Then they are heated in an alcohol stove and kept hot by men who sell them to the credulous throng.

When chickens are scarce, the sea gull is used. That was the kind I got. I am not enough of an ornithologist to select tamales.

Designing people might make them out of weathercocks or other deciduous fowls and fool me sadly. A man who is not an ornithologist should shun the tomale unless he has faith and a stomach which will not turn when trodden upon.

California has more attractions than any other state in the Union, but the climate was about a month later than usual this year, and several people perished from exposure. Living here is cheap. Workingmen can get good board at the large hotels at $6 to $18 per day, with coal at $1 per hod. Horse hire is extra. Dogs are not allowed to play in the halls or to eat at the regular table with guests.

Monterey probably has the best hotel in the state except Saugus. Saugus is an eating joint where your meals are prepared while you wait—while you wait four hours for the Los Angeles train for San Francisco.

There is nothing at Saugus but the eating house and a few cases of colic under the same management. The passengers in our entire car, excepting a man from New Haven, ate lunch there and were poisoned by something they ate there. Probably it was the canned vegetables which are used at that place and are obtained from the east, I judge, in exchange for oranges and lemons.

Our car was the scene of the wildest commotion all night, and several of the passengers were ill for 10 days afterward.

I do not know how the employees at Saugus live. Probably their meals are brought to them from Los Angeles.

There are many pleasant hotels in California, but when crowded, as they are at this season, of course they have to work hard to please people, and they cannot always succeed. It would be well to engage rooms several weeks ahead if the reader is coming to the coast.

I never saw such a rush in search of health in my life. It takes a pretty healthy person to go in search of his health, I often think.

The train ahead of ours had 15 sleeping cars and 3 engines, besides the coaches. The sleeping cars were so full, too, that in one car, filled almost entirely by ladies, they were dressing for over 350 miles in the morning. One lady had to brush her hair on the Oakland ferry. She said that when she comes on earth again she hopes she will be a Chinaman.

One finds the Chinese here quite frequently. They are divided by naturalists into two classes—viz, male and female. The female Chinaman goes bareheaded. The male wears a hat. Lately the Chinese have been pretty busy assassinating each other and thus endearing themselves to the people of San Francisco.

(I am writing this letter at a table in the reading room of the hotel, and a man with "the whole arm movement" is writing at the other side of the table. I judge that he learned to write on the side of a large, heavy barn that had been secured by mortgage or something, so that it could not move much while he was writing. The table is already bowlegged trying to follow the thread of his remarks.)

Recently I met Mr. Hatch, the biggest fruitgrower on the coast, I am told. He began to hort about 18 years ago and was reputed to have at that time about $10,000, but taking me by the arm and leading me out to the Cliff House, where the sound of the breakers drowned his voice, he admitted to me that he did not have that much.

HE ACCEPTED.

Now he is getting an income of $365,000 per year—$1,000 per day for the year, including Sundays. Every four years, when there is an extra day with no income, the poor man eats an orange.

This proves that any young man with perseverance and $10,000 may in 18 years by industry and economy, and by knowing as much as Mr. Hatch, provided the red scale does not break out on a large scale in his orchards, be far beyond the reach of want.

It was thought for many years that Mr. Hatch was the author of the piece entitled "Monuments of Human Grandeur Perish," but afterward it was discovered that he copied it from a Fourth Reader.

During the busy season Mr. Hatch is compelled to hire help in picking the fruit, while he attends to the packing and arrangement of the large, juicy fruit which one notices on the top of the basket.

All kinds of trees grow in this state, especially tropical and subtropical trees. The date tree grows here, and at the right season busy men may be seen standing on a stepladder in the rich foliage canceling their dates. The pepper tree, the camphor tree, the banana tree, the breadfruit tree and the oyster cracker tree all grow here in abundance and are pointed out to one by the driver, who is generally a pretty fertile man himself.

Some think that all the great liars go to perdition. This is a mistake. They go to Yosemite and drive teams there.

One of them said that down the road a little "furder" he would show us a strange sight. It was a big hole in a tree. The tree was one of the Miamosa trifoliatum giganticum, if my memory serves me at all creditably. This tree during a continued rain, which sometimes occurs in the Yosemite, expands, the cells filling with water rapidly and enlarging.

Daniel Walton, a low and vulgar man, was hunting through the valley in the spring of 1878 with ill success, having killed nothing but grizzly bears, all of which were too large to tote home. As he came up the valley a heavy rain set in, and it came on to rain, as it sometimes does in the rainless region of California. Seeing that it was growing worse, Walton stepped into this hole in the tree, and unbuckling a large thermal belt which he wore and which contained cartridges he laid it aside and soon went to sleep. When he awoke he was surprised to see that the hole was almost closed up by the swelling of the wood cells of the tree. He was greatly alarmed, for he had no means whatever by which to escape from the tree and did not know when the storm would cease. He feared that he would become a part of the tree possibly and some day be put into a sideboard or the top of a bar counter perhaps. He fired his rifle several times out of the hole, but did not kill anything. As darkness came on and he felt the pangs of hunger gnawing at his vitals he heard footsteps passing by and rightly judged that the author of them could not be far away. Looking out through the aperture he saw a man and spoke to him in a glad tone. The voice, coming out of a knothole not wholly closed up yet, startled the man, for he feared it was something supernatural. The man's name was Rodgers—Lou Rodgers, they called him. He ran at first, but Walton begged him so all piteously that he paused and went back.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Matter enough," retorted Walton, trying to get a piece of bark out of his eye. "The tree is closing in upon me, man. Can you not see that I am lost unless you aid me, you —— gilly, you?"

"Ah," said Rodgers, "the wood, being porous, admits the moisture, and this expands it so that the aperture by which you entered is becoming useless as an exit. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are right; but, oh, remorse, remorse, must I perish here while you prepare an exegesis on capillary attraction and pomology? Oh, man, man, in heaven's name git a move on you, I beg!"

Rodgers laid down his dinner pail and began work at the knothole, but between whiles he got a better view of Walton and said, "Are you not Dan Walton, who lives down the gorge where the branch is where we water the teams at?"

"I am, sir, indeed," exclaimed Walton, now crying piteously, "but do not lose all you have gained now by your accursed delay and loquacity. Help me, man, oh, help me, or I shall die here and possibly annoy visitors who come this way! Help me out, kind sir, whoever you may be, and I will put up a petition to heaven each night for your welfare and signed by all the property owners in California."

"Ah, but I remember you," said Rodgers; "you are the man who whipped his wife last Sabbath in such a disgraceful way and made her feel badly. I know whom you are." He then began to berate Walton with all his great command of language, cursed him and went away.

After he had gone Walton gave up all hope and broke down utterly, crying like a child and making it very wet indeed as one hot tear after another chased itself down his bronzed cheek. Then his past life rose up before him, and he saw how utterly contemptible he was in the sight of his fellows. Meaner and meaner, smaller and smaller in his own estimation he became until he was able to crawl out of the knothole, which he then done.

This is the legend of the knothole.

This knothole yet stands connected with a large tree, as I have described it, near the entrance to the park and on the left hand side going in.

Bill Nye

Resolutions of Respect.

David C. Stevens was born February 23, 1873, died April 23, 1893. Alexander Sunday School met April 30 and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, God has called from our school David C. Stevens, one of our most zealous and consistant members, one beloved by all, to a higher reward; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That by his death our Sunday School has lost a useful member, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of Beda, of which he was a member, a consistant member, the community a valuable citizen, his parents a devoted and obedient son, his brothers and sisters an affectionate brother. It was truly said by all, "Davie was a good boy."

2. That we tender to the grief-stricken parents, brothers and sisters, in this the dark hour of their sad bereavement, our sincere sympathy. Remember, dear friends, though Davie was young in years, his afflictions were grievous. "He mouldeth and his hands make the whole, though he was dead, yet shall he live again."

3. May we emulate his Christian virtues, and fulfill his request to meet him in Heaven.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our record book, and a copy sent to each of our county papers for publication, and to the parents of the deceased.

MINNIE BAIRD,
U. C. BARNETT, } Com.
J. ALLEN ANDERSON,

Painted Male Idiots.

Painted men exist. They are to be seen in London. They are the newest freaks of melancholy. They have exhausted all other forms of beauty and would now entertain the world with frescoed visages, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

The first of this species that I encountered diffused soft scents. He sat opposite me toying with a soup spoon and murmuring the platitudes of Piccadilly to an amazed spinster at his right. Before the dinner was finished he had whipped out a silver-mounted fan and was waving it gently before his ornamental brow. Over the coffee he produced perfumed cigarettes and the atmosphere became like that of a perfumer's on a hot day in August. His fingers were covered with jewels, and he wore a dainty bracelet on his left wrist. He was a creature of most exquisite decoration, and I watched him throughout the courses in silent wonder. Once in the clamor of general talk I whispered to my host a question as to the identity of this marvel, and the answer came that the painted being was the son of a Scotch peer. That anything so frail could be Scotch made amazement greater. The creature was inaffable, and he purred at the company, never openly addressing it. He had, perhaps, three ideas in his head, but he adroitly concealed them. His finest accomplishment was in looking at the ladies. He fancied that he made captive every fair heart at the table; but I learned afterward that the sex mimicked him in the drawing-room while we were smoking, and that their laughter, which rippled down the stairs, was at the cost of the decorative person who was boring us over the walnuts and the wine.

Soon after this I saw another specimen of this new fashion in trousered humanity. Strangely enough, the second painted man was encountered at an oratorio. They were doing Gounod's "Redemption" at the Albert Hall, and the thing was in the box adjoining ours. What it wanted there; what satisfaction it could capture from an oratorio I can never guess. It gabbled. It was, for all the world like a hybrid of turkey and peacock. It gabbled and chuckled; it spreads it superb tailoring; it extended its ringed hands; it admired itself in a pocket mirror; it posed; it languished; it never smiled, and it was 30 years old, if a day—and fat.

Having encountered two of these creatures, I kept a vigil for others of their kidney. Was it possible that a new fashion in man had been projected? Evidently yes, because my watch has revealed companions to the primary pair. At a reception the other night I espied a being more wonderful than either of the two who started my quest. He was "made up" like a second-rate prima donna. His cheeks had an even pinkness most delicately laid on. His nether eyelids were penciled, his hands were undeniably lined. He was a pattern in rogue, and he looked for all the world like one of Mme. Taussaud's wax images, except that he was much better dressed than any doll in Maiylebone road. He is, I am informed, a man of wealth and 40 summers. It is alleged that he has culture, and that he shows it in his writings about art and music. Wherefore, the wonder increases that any cultured being can paint himself.

But it is to this that the dandified are coming. I have seen a dozen painted men of an evening at the play, and they were not on the stage. Strolling in Piccadilly of an afternoon these gentlemen disport themselves. It is getting to be, in the language of the time, quite the proper caper for dandy men to paint themselves. A new horror waits on metropolitan life. And the worst of it is that these bedizened males are now so numerous that they are not tolerated. In what is called the "smart set" they will soon cease to be conspicuous because they threaten to become general. Two years ago half the women in London society were painting themselves out of all sem-blance to respectability. But they seem to be giving up that trick now that alleged men are acquiring it.

Out West.

[THE "ARIZONA KICKER."]

IT DEPENDS.—A young man in New England, who signs himself "Anxious," writes to the Kicker to say that he is 22 years old, healthy and enthusiastic, and wants to climb up. He asks if he can get it out this way. While we are patriotic enough to want to see this locality add to its population, we cannot countenance deception. As to how "Anxious" can get along out here depends altogether on circumstances. Is he used to wearing a gun on his hip? Could he add a second one without inconvenience? Can he shoot right and left handed? Are his eyes plumb center, so he doesn't shoot over nor under? Can he get the drop on a flash of sheet lightning? Has he got the nerve to walk up to the bar and drink alone with half a adozen mule whackers sitting around and waiting for an invitation to step up? If suddenly confronted by a man like Bill Hines, with two guns leveled at his breast and triggers ready to let go, has he the sense to keep quiet and admit that he is temporarily in a hole? In case he should suddenly turn into Apache avenue and find the Lone Jack crowd of cow boys trying to capture the town, would he look for a doorway to hide in or range up alongside of a telegraph pole and do some fine shooting? Has he got the nerve to raise a man $200 with only a small pair in his hand? All these things and many others are to be taken into consideration in an Eastern young man coming out West with the idea of climbing up. If he is built right, and if his early training and education have been shaped to the right point, his are A1. If he wasn't created to fill a niche in this wild, free and rather enthusiastic locality, our advice to him is to remain east of Chicago and try and make the best of his miserable existence. If he came, the chances are that he would climb downward into a hole in the ground instead of upward to the pinacle of fame.

The Scandal Mongers.

["BAB" IN COURIER-JOURNAL.]

People always chattered—they did that in the ark; but nowadays it isn't just chatter, it is malice. Somebody is a woman, alone in the world, and she gains for herself a friend—a man friend—who advises her, who is considerate of her, and who only asks in return that he may see her and talk to her for a little while; and that they may have pleasant, innocent hours together. And what does the world say? It shrugs its shoulders, it lifts its eyebrows, it laughs scoffingly, and says: "Perhaps." And the woman soon gets a bar sinister across her escutcheon, and the sponge of innocencence and honor cannot blot it out.

Somebody is a man who made a promise to his mother that he would look after some little orphans, and he keeps his word. Being a man and being generous, he makes them comfortable and happy, and the gossips sit off afar and giggle, and look knowingly at each other, and after a while one of the most impudent will say something to the man, something intended to be funny, and the man will look dazed and wondering, and then he will go off by himself and think: "What is the use of trying to do right when you are always misunderstood?" And when those orphan babies are men and women there will be some old gossip ready to wink and make suggestions about their birth.

It is hard to put it down, this talk of the foul-mouthed. If I had my way I would have everybody who said or even hinted low and vulgar things about their neighbors made to stand in a public square with their hands tied together, bearing on their beasts the letter S., which stood for "Scandalmonger," in bright blue, and then have their mouths washed out with vitriol. Don't you agree with me? And then what would you do with that awful weapon of the scandalmonger? For he doesn't confine himself to his tongue. I mean the anonymous letter. A thief in the night is honorable beside the anonymous letter writer.

Against the first you can use muscle, you can raise your voice, you can make some sort of fight; against the latter you can do nothing. The fact that you are a woman forces you to keep still before this indignity, against which there is no redress, and so woman or man, you have to suffer like somebody with a hidden cancer, until, thank God, by the laws of compensation there comes some loving act that will cause you to forget the suffering.

What is the matter with men and women that they can't do the nice, kindly thing one toward the other? My friend, it is quite easy, and, in addition, it would make everything go much smoother. Sometimes I think that, in the various sort of hells that have been described, that one will be the most awful which is intended for the scandal-monger, the beast in human form who takes away the characters of women, the honor of men, and even dares throw its dirty slime over the histories of little children. But, there, I don't want to talk any more about it. Unfortunately, the scandalmonger exists, and somebody with greater muscle and more brain than I will discover a powder some day that will exterminate the entire species.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases pnt together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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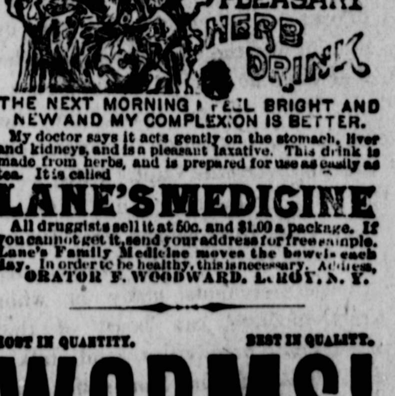

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LE ROY, N. Y.

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WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE FOR 20 YEARS Has led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, - Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1893.

SAM JONES is now at Owensboro firing his bitter and uncouth epithets at that city's legion of sinners.

JAMES COLLINS, a notorious horse-thief, was hanged at Sherman, Ky., Wednesday night by a mob of masked fasmers.

ONE of the duties of a newspaper is at least to come approximately near telling the truth about the things it presents to the public. Exaggeration is wholly out of place.

THE World's Fair was opened Monday in a burst of glory. President Cleveland made a speech and then pressed the button that set the machinery of the vast show in motion.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND at 10 o'clock Monday pressed the button that put the whole World's Fair machine to running, and as the "Commercial's excellent cartoon suggests, this calls to mind the fact that about a year ago he touched the button at Chicago and the "machine" has been on the run every since. Conspicuous among the runners are Henry Watterson and David B. Hill.

SOUTH CAROLINA every now and then comes to the front with a political freak It was South Carolina that begot Nullification. It was South Carolina that bred Secession and it is now South Carolina that proposes to go into the saloon business on her own account. A law has been passed which requires the State to furnish all whisky and the proceeds of all sales to go into the State Treasury. Verily, South Carolina is a daisy.

THEORY vs. PRACTICE.

The Owensboro *Messenger* of Tuesday heads a news column regarding a meeting of the City Council thus, "Holding Him Off." "An Ordinance Levying a big License Tax on the Itinerant Merchant, etc.," and then says: "Capt. W. T. Ellis, on behalf of the merchants of the city, presented an ordinance imposing a license tax of $50 per day on itinerant merchants."

Now, we have no objection to offer to this proposed proceeding on the part of the City Council. On the other hand we see no reason whatever for allowing tramp merchants to interfere with the trade of established merchants. The former pay nothing to the support of the city in the way of taxes, nothing for the streets along which they distribute their questionable bargains, nothing for lighting the streets, nothing for any of the public service necessary in a town or city. The established merchant pays for all these. His interest is the city's interest and vice versa. But the tramp merchant has nothing in common. For the privilege of this market he should, therefore, pay and pay dearly if he should not be taxed out altogether. Thus far all is well. But what about the consistency of Capt. Ellis, who by endorsing the Chicago platform endorsed the next thing to absolute Free Trade? As a Democratic mogul he is for opening the markets of this country to the merchants of the world and inviting them to come in and compete with our own though like the tramp merchant here they have no interest in common with us They pay no taxes, they help support no institution of ours. But the same versatile Capt. Ellis, as an attorney for the merchants of Owensboro, is far from being a Free Trader. He is, in fact, a rank Protectionist.

These merchants, many of whom are Democrats, can boast of their Free Trade proclivities, and talk of Robber Barons and Monopolies and a Thieving Tariff when Uncle Sam throws his protecting arm around our industries, but when Free Trade, pure and unalloyed, stares these merchants in the face, when Free Trade brings an "itinerant merchant" in front of thier store door to sell goods that the merchants themselves should sell, they forget their Democracy, forget their party fealty, forget their Free Trade and with their hands on their pocketbooks, which are being fleeced by a foreigner, cry loudly to the City Council for protection. Free Trade may do to tickle the ear of the unthinking, it may suffice a party hard pressed for argument, it may sound all right in theory, Capt. Ellis and the merchants of Owensboro may talk it in the halls of Congress, on the stump and in the store, but when it is proposed to bring Free Trade to Owensboro they raise their hands in holy horror and in action if not in words exclaim Free Trade is a sham; we are in favor of "holding him off."

A Leading Colored Citizen of Breckenridge County Dead.

On Friday evening, April 28, Allen Allen, of color, departed this life. He was 64 years of age. He left 8 children living. He had been married twice. His last wife having died a short time ago. He was a consistant and substantial member of the colored M. E. Church at this place.

As a slave he belonged first to a man named Auslem Watson, by whom he was sold to Isaiah Heston, who, in turn, sold him to Jo. Allen, in whose family he remained until he became a free man. He served as a soldier during the Civil War in the army of the United States, and was a pensioner at the time of his death. After the close of the war he bought a farm near Hardinsburg, upon which the owner had been unable to make a living. By industry and economy he quickly paid for his place, and has been since recognized as one of the best farmers in this community. Politically he was a staunch Republican, having been chosen delegate by his party on several occasions to the various State Conventions.

What influence he had was always exerted in behalf of morality and progress. He was not only considered a leader among his own race, but every one esteemed him as a good citizen and an honest man. The community will feel his loss.

ROBIN HOOD.

The G. A. R. Encampment.

HARTFORD, KY., May 3d, 1893.—I attended the G. A. R. Encampment, held at Owensboro the 25 & 26 of April. Had a pleasant time and enjoyed it very much—saw many of the old comrades. It was as fine a body of men as I ever saw collected together. The ladies gave us an entertainment of music and song that we all enjoyed very much. Captain Ellis delivered the address of welcome in which he said that we could have anything they had except their wives—them we could not have, but we might fight for their sweet-hearts. I hope the boys will all do their best at Walton's Creek, the 30th of May as it is the next meeting. Boys do not forget Memorial sevices.

J. L. CARSON.

CROMWELL.

April 30.—The continued rainy weather is quite discouraging to farmers.

Health of this community is good at this writing.

The merchants of our town report good trade and all seem rejoicing.

Mr. J. S. Montague, our new postmaster, has taken charge of the office. He has one of the neatest and most convenient offices ever in our town. The community at large all seem well pleased with his appointment.

The Sunday School at this place is still moving on nicely.

The river has been booming, and a great many logs have passed down for the Evansville market.

Calvin Watts' little child, who has been quite sick for some time, is better at this time.

Miss Nola Arbuckle, of Select, is conducting a very successful school at Oak Grove, No. 26.

Mr. Thomas Gillstrap, Jr., who has been our barber for some time, has moved to Rochester.

The school at this place is flourishing very well under the management of Miss Edna James, of Pincheco.

Rev. McDaniel will preach at this place Saturday night before the second Sunday in May.

Bro. Johnny Annis preached at Oak Grove last Sunday; also, Rev. Bolton Monday night following.

Mrs. Eliza Drake, of near this place, who has been sick so long, is getting well.

We are greatly in need of a Grist Mill at this place. We have had no mill for some time and the people have to go to other places to do their milling. A good mill would do well here and we don't see why some one don't take the enterprise in hand.

Mr. Buck Porter and family of near this place, have moved to Select, where Mr. Porter will engage in the timber business.

The Sunday School at Green River Church is in a flourishing condition. Quite a large crowd was present last Sunday.

Miss Clyde Taylor, of District No. 25, is attending school at Oak Grove.

Mr. T. C. Taylor, of Aberdeen, is visiting his parents.

The Village Prayermeeting meets at the residence of B. J. Shields.

Several of our young men contemplate attending the Watterson Lecture at Hartford, May 13.

Success to the REPUBLICAN and its many readers.

RURAL.

Excursion Rates.

Newport News and Mississippi Valley Co. will sell excursion tickets to Louisville on the 9th and 10th to the meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club. On Tuesday and Wednesday the admission to the field will be free. For further information, address any agent of the company.

KINDERHOOK.

May 1.—After an absence of several weeks, I will try to give the happenings of this community.

A. M. Barnett spent a short while last week at Rives, Tenn., the guest of his brother, R. J. Barnett.

Mrs. Nora Spurrier and two children, Whitesville, are the guests of J. W. Stevens and family at this writing.

E. E. Tinsley, wife and two children spent Saturday and Sunday above town, the guests of J. Walter Allen and family.

Mrs. Lena Anderson and little daughter, Cova, are visiting above town.

Mrs. V. D. D. Stevens, who has been confined to her room for so long, is better at this writing.

The Sunday School at Alexander is in a flourishing condition—large attendance and good lessons. I am glad to see the people taking so much interest, and hope that we can boast of having one among the best Sunday Schools in the county.

On the 23d of April the spirit of David C. Stevens passed from among the living. It is with a sad heart that we note the death of our friend and schoolmate, for his untimely death has cast a gloom over the entire community. He was a young man of good moral character. He was just budding into manhood when God thought it best to call him to that home on high. Although he had been afflicted for years, it was a comfort to the family to know he was still among the living. But the cold icy hand of death has claimed him as its victim. His merry voice and childish laughter will be heard no more. No more he will be seen here on earth, but he is singing with the angels above. He is now wearing a crown of gold and has bade farewell to the trials and troubles of this life, for having lived a christian life we know he is at rest. Weep not for him, dear parents, for he has only gone before to guide you to that realm above, where parting is no more. Weeping will not bring him back, but trust in God and all will be well. We sympathize with the family in this their great loss. But let us so live that we may be able to meet him in a better world, where parting is no more.

DAISY DEANE.

Convention Call.

The Republicans of Grayson county are requested to meet at the Court House in Leitchfield, Ky., at 1 o'clock p. m., May 22, 1893, which will be the 4th Monday, County Court day. All parties invited to attend. This Convention will nominate candidates for the Legislature and Jailor. A big crowd is expected.

D. O'RILEY, Ch'm'n.

J. B. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Close of Taylor Mines School.

June 2.—Last Friday night the school-house was crowded to the fullest extent to hear the speeches and recitations by the pupils of Mr. J. L. Rogers' subscription school, which closed with the nights exercises. Every patron of the school joins me in wishing Mr. Rogers success in the future as a teacher.

At first, Mr. Rogers made a short speech, closing by introducing Tommy Barrass, who made the address of welcome. The following speeches and recitations were well delivered by the little folks: Roses Red and Violets Blue—Rosa Veller. Evening Hymn—Lillian Jones. Speech—Willie Risinger. Live and Learn—Nellie Rowe. Little Bird Song—Delia Veller. Some Little Boys—Irvin Rowe. My Bird is Dead—Mamie Rogers. Little Speaker—Clyde Hocker. Try, Try Again—Charlie Rowe. Purest Pearls—Lolia Risinger. Out in the Cold—Will Barrass. Mark Twain Interviewed—Clyde Hocker and Tom Barrass. Buy my Dolls—Effie Jones. Grasshopper—Nellie Rowe. A Warning to School Teachers—Lolia Risinger. Speech—Irvin Rowe. I cannot tell—Lillian Jones. Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star—Ada Parrott. Old Man in a Stylish Church—Will Barrass. Speech—Willie Risinger. What a Boy Can do—Clyde Hocker. In Memory of my Mother—Ethel Rogers. Robin Red Breast—Sam Parrott. Bible—Lolia Risinger. Very Nice—Nicholas Barrass. What I Know—Clyde Hocker. The Blue and the Gray—Lolia Risinger. By request Miss Flora Walker recited "Jennie McNeil," to the delight of the entire audience. Closing speech, by Tommie Barrass.

Rev. David Roll was called for and responded to the call with a nice talk to the children. Last, but not least, Mr. C. Slade Taylor, who was requested to come and make a speech to the children, arose and talked for one hour, which was highly appreciated by all present.

Prayer by Rev. Dave Roll, and the crowd dispersed, saying it was good to have been there. Hoping Mr. Rogers will be employed to teach the fall school, we close and sign,

A FRIEND.

Rosine.

May 2.—A. E. Paxton, Louisville, was in town yesterday.

J. A. Heavrin, Owensboro, spent a few days in our town last week.

Miss Annie M. Allen returned home the 27th, after closing quite a successful school at White Oak.

Eugene Childs, Horton, spent Saturday with his father's family near town.

Miss Annie Kilgallon, of near Fordsville, is visiting Miss Lizzie Curley.

Morton Kuykendoll and wife spent spent Sunday with relatives at Sulphur Springs.

C. H. Talley, wife and child, left Sunday for Louisville, where they will visit the family of W. B. Curley.

Willson's Comedy furnished excellent entertainment both Friday and Saturday nights.

Miss Ida Childs spent Sunday at Horton the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. T. Thomson.

Mr. John E. Hammons, of Louisville, was mingling with his many friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Annie L. Allen, who has been teaching at Horse Branch, returned home Friday.

S. D. Childs has sold his house and lot to J. W. Ragland and contemplates moving to Louisville.

Mrs. Ellen Sullenger, who has been sick for several weeks, is slowly improving.

J. W. Tabor has sold his stock of furniture to H. L. Iler and S. D. Morgan, who will continue business at the old stand.

Greeley Romans, Caneyville, and Charlie Leach Horse Branch, were in town Saturday,

Bob Daniel, Beaver Dam, was in town yesterday.

Our school closes with two nights entertainment on June, 2d and 3d. The public generally are invited to be present.

MIGNON.

SEND twelve cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Field's Washington, containing matter of special interest. Give name and address, and where you saw this advertisement. 1y

DO YOU KNOW

That all persons contributing to this column must in every case sign their names as an evidence of good faith, the name of course being omitted from publication?

That we have no space for this column this week save to say:

That Gabe Likens has lost his hat?

That P. L. Berkshire has read Peck's Diary?

That John Vaught does not like to have his name in this column?

Masonic.

Cromwell Lodge, No. 420, F. A. M. will hold Burial Service at the grave of S. A. Williams deceased, on the fourth Sunday in May, at 2 o'clock p. m. Neighboring lodges and the public generally are invited.

Rosine Masonic Lodge will hold Burial services at the grave of John Daugherty deceased, at Arnold, on the second Sunday in this month. Neighboring lodges are invited—Cemetery near Liberty Church.

The Masonic Lodge recently organized here is progressing nicely and the indications are that a strong membership will be built up.

Farmers, Attention!

We have just in 2 more car-loads of the old reliable Fertilizers, HORSE SHOE brand for corn, oats and clover; HOMESTEAD for tobacco. These have been thoroughly tested, and we have them in car-load lots and propose to furnish the farmers in large or small quantities. The practical effects of these goods can be attested by the best farmers. Call on us or write. Premium offered on best Tobacco.

HOCKER & CO.,
Beaver Dam, Ky.

A New York daily paper, taking up the idea conveyed in Flammarion's exciting novel, "Omega: The Last Days of the World," has interviewed a number of prominent men in all professions as to what they would do if science were to predict to-morrow that the end of the world would arrive in the next thirty days. The answers are various and curious, and heighten the interest which is felt in the second part of Flamarion's great novel, which appears in the May Cosmolitan. It is a question which everyone will find interesting to ask of himself: What would you do it within six weeks the end of the world was certain? Probably no novel which has ever appeared in an American Magazine has been more elaborately illustrated by more distinguished artists. Laurens, Saunier, Vogel Maulle, Rochegrosse, Gerediu and Chovin all contribute to the explanation of the text.

A clever story of another kind is that of the new English novelist, Gilbert Parker, in the same number. "American society in Paris" is another article of another kind, but one to make even a short residence in the French capital. The Cosmopolitan scores a success in producing in its May number, almost simultaneously with the newspapers, an elaborate description of Professor Gray's marvelous invention, the Telautograph, which reproduces the handwriting, or the work of the artist, simultaneously, thousands of miles distant from the place where the writer or artist is sitting. Mr. Howel's purpose in "The Traveler from Alturia" is, month by month, becoming more evident, and is now receiving wide attention at the hands of the critics all over the world.

Be Ready For the Emergency.

Good luck is desirable even when you have done your best to succeed, but remember that the most favorable circumstances or strokes of fortune are of little value unless you have prepared yourself to take advantage of them. Of what advantage would Hayne's fiery speech have been to Daniel Webster if he had not, with the instinct of genius, long before equipped himself for the assault which he repelled with such crushing energy? Had he not previously weighed and refuted in his own mind the charges of his opponent, his reply, instead of ranking among the greatest masterpieces of oratory, might have only revealed his own weakness. Thousands of men had seen the prints of a horse's hoofs in the soil before Faust discovered by them the art of printing.—William Mathews in Harper's Young Peopie.

It often happens that Bermuda potatoes are small and poor potatoes of native growth, which have been treated with acid in order that they may look like the imported tubers.—Exchange.

A man named Borisson, chaplain of Trinity college, had only one eye. Much merriment was aroused when he advertised in a local paper for a "single resident pupil."

The "weaker" sex is willing to do a good half of the good work of a community. It often does much more than that, but it cannot do all.

UNCLE SETH'S ADVICE TO POETS.

The poets what write about nymps an them things,
An driads an goddesses hain't got no sense—
An sylfs an angels what fly round 'ith wings
'Ithout ever a-stoppin to light on the fense—
They hain't got no idee
Of what po'try sh'd be,
An they don't tech a feller like you an like me.

Fer they talk about gods the old Greeks uster sing,
An goddesses nobody b'lieves in no more;
In a kin of a classical ting-a-ling-ling,
They say the same things we have all hearn afore
In a langwidge so gran
That we can't understan,
An too stylish an swell for a workaday man.

W'y, bless ye, there's po'try in flowers an birds
An courtin an luv an young babies enough
Thet don't hev to hev long academy words
To make a man yell, "Thet's the stuff, thet's the stuff!"
Yes, thet's jest the stuff
Of which any ole duff
Like you and like me can't fill up with enough.

Jest fix up yer songs so us plain folks can hear,
An make 'em some sense fer me an my wife;
Make 'em jingle an gallup 'ith everyday cheer;
Wet 'em down 'ith the joose of the winepress of life!
Fetch 'em up from your heart,
Where all songs orter start.
Let your Pegasus go an climb into our cart!
—Sam W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Souvenir Spoons.

"Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths." If it is only a plain, everyday sort of silver spoon, it doesn't count in these fin de siecle days. It must be a souvenir spoon, and no common one at that, or one had better not have been born. This is indeed a time, if not an age, of luxury, and even the poorest people are not contented with the plain usages and appointments of the past half century. It is an age of constant changes, where nothing lasts, and in which anything that is before the public more than a year is considered a matter of ancient history.

The wonder is that with such an existing state of things a fad like that of collecting souvenir spoons should have lasted more than one season, and yet the interesting fact remains that the fancy or fad or whatever you choose to call it of souvenir spoons is just as eagerly followed now as it was five years ago, when first introduced.—Once a Week.

The Death of Cleopatra.

The story that Cleopatra killed herself by allowing an asp to bite her has long been believed, but probably has no better historical basis than the fanciful imagination of a gossipy Roman historian. For some time before her death she made careful preparations for that event and tried many different kinds of poisons on her unfortunate slaves to see which would produce death with the least apparent agony. She probably died by one of these poisons, for she was as adept in such matters as any of the Borgias. No asp was found in her room, and the wound on her breast supposed to have been that of its bite probably had another origin, for her whole body was covered with bruises, where she, in Egyptian fashion, had struck herself with her fists and torn her flesh with her nails in her grief for the loss of Antony.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Golden Silence.

There are times when "silence is golden," but women have the reputation of always ignoring this fact. A minister's wife tells a good story at her own expense which illustrates man's incredulity of her ability to keep her mouth shut under any consideration. Her husband was recovering from a serious illness. The day when the worst was over the doctor smiled, with the remark that all he needed was quiet and spoke of a powder which he would leave. Rising to go, the wife reminded him of the powder "to keep her husband quiet," when to her amusement the doctor turned, and looking her in the face said: "The powder was not for your husband, but for you. He will be quiet enough if he only gets the chance."—Exchange.

The Deacon's Thoughts.

Good Boy—Here is that penny you gave me to put on the contribution plate. I made a mistake an put in a button instead.

Father—Hum! What did Deacon Sharp say when he saw it?

Good Boy—He didn't notice it. I guess the church is out of kindling wood, because I heard him mutter something about getting more chips from the ole block.—Good News.

Salti, a Sardinian city, has no police, no clergymen, no doctor, no chapel. Marriages are ratified by a priest or registrar at a parish many miles distant, to which brides and bridegrooms travel in batches to have the necessary ceremonial conducted.

The minute green bodies found on the fresh water polyp have been shown to be vegetable cells which furnish sugar for the animal, while the latter in turn provides them with nourishment.

The house of commons has met on Sunday 11 times, on various occasions when urgency demanded it. The first time was in the reign of Edward III, the last at the death of George II.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw ever so much salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou art raw and ulcerous.—Junius.

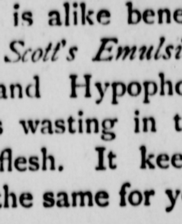
"Instant Death."

It is questionable if such a phenomenon as instant death is known to the scientist and investigator. Physicians and surgeons tells us that death by gunshot wound is the easiest mode of terminating life; yet, rapid as such a mode of taking off must necessarily be, the body has leisure to feel and time to reflect and on rare occasions even to act.

On the first attempt of one of the adherents of the Spanish monarch to assassinate William, prince of Orange, the ball passed through the bones of his face and brought him to the ground. In the instant which preceded stupefaction, however, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of a room had fallen in and crushed him.

Another question in this connection is that of probable pain. Although numerous instances could be cited in support of the view that the mind acts in cases of so called instant death, it by no means follows that the infliction of a fatal blow is attended by the least semblance of pain or a single pang of fear or regret. Unless death results immediately, however, the pain may be as varied as the nature of the injuries.—Philadelphia Press.

YOU and YOUR Children



It is a wonderful remedy, which is alike beneficial to you and your children. Such is *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

$37.50 SOUTHERN QUEEN $37.50

Is it possible a Top Buggy with Silver-plated Dash Rail, Seat Rail, Handles, Hub Bands and Shaft Tips, for above price?

WARRANTED FOR 1 YEAR. BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER AND GET YOUR GOODS NEW AND CLEAN.

ALL BUGGIES ARE WELL CRATED AND BOXED AND DELIVERED F. O. B. CARS, AT CINCINNATI, O., ON RECEIPT OF ABOVE PRICE.

Write for our New 80 page Catalogue of all kinds of Vehicles.
Address
THE SOUTHERN BUGGY CO.
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO, U. S. A.

SPOILING A PLAY.

A Case of Neglect That Had a Most Disastrous Finale.

A number of London cockneys had formed themselves into an amateur theatrical association. Mistaking energy of purpose for histrionic ability—a fault not unknown to amateurs—they determined to undertake Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Richard III." The initial performance was to be given on the night of boxing day, the 26th of December, at one of the little suburbs of mighty London.

On the eventful night of the performance the actors, stimulated by the applause of the audience, which was of course composed chiefly of relatives and near friends, had lost much of the uneasiness attendant upon a first appearance. Already had they begun to give their individual genius a fuller rein. Much "business" which had not been tried at rehearsals was now attempted with impunity. All went well until the fourth scene of act 4, when Catesby rushes in to announce to the king the capture of Buckingham. Of course our actors used the interpolated version that puts into Richard's mouth the well known exclamation: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

But there was even a greater liberty taken with the text than our ambitious friends intended. As soon as Catesby had delivered himself of his lines, "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," etc., he paused to allow the king to make the usual exclamation. At each of the rehearsals the actor impersonating Richard had hardly given the messenger time to pronounce his lines before shrieking out his malediction, which he considered one of the situations of the tragedy. But during the performance he had decided that it would be much more natural and impressive to stride up and down the stage a number of times, gnashing his teeth before delivering the lines in his most guttural tones, which were to pass for deep and concentrated hatred.

Unfortunately for the result, he had neglected to confide his change of idea to his fellow actor. Catesby waited what doubtless seemed to him an age. But the only effect the news of Buckingham's capture seemed to have upon Richard was to make him take even longer strides than before and make an extremely unpleasant noise "gritting" his teeth. After venturing several interrogatory coughs, which did not alter either the pace of the monarch or provoke any reply whatever, the unfortunate Catesby decided to save the day, which seemed to him on the verge of being lost, by a bold step.

Disregarding the monarch's frown, he began again in a clear voice, "My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken," and concluded boldly, "an we've took off 'is 'ead!" The effect was electric. There was no art, but nature, in the burst of anger with which the enraged Richard, tearing off his crown and armor and hurling them at his unfortunate but well meaning support, screamed out: "You 'ave, 'ave you! Well, you've been an spoilt the whole bloomin play." The tragedy came to an untimely end.—Harper's Magazine.

Fear an Element In Sickness.

That apprehension of catching epidemic diseases assists in spreading them is an old doctrine, in support of which many facts might be cited, and it is only reasonable to suppose that where the reception of contagion is assisted by depression of the system alarm would have that effect. It is, however, the common experience of medical men that especially in surgical cases sanguine have a great advantage over despondent patients, and that to abandon the expectation of recovery is about the worst thing which anybody anxious for recovery can do.

Sir Astley Cooper indeed was always reluctant to perform an operation where the subject to be submitted to it was apprehensive of a fatal result. When patients had made up their minds that they would not recover, they seemed to him to lose their recuperative power.—London World.

Blake's Canadian Oratory.

Mr. Blake is unquestionably a man of great capacity, and he is a ready debater. His utterances, however, have the merits and demerits of transatlantic oratory. He was too diffuse, and he piled word on word in his sentences with needless redundancy. And the sentences! Never yet have I heard such lengthy ones. I sat through three minutes of one; then I withdrew to smoke a cigarette. When I returned, so far as I could learn, the sentence was not yet concluded.—London Truth.

Covers a Multitude of Sins.

Biggs—You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home?

"Yes, she has for a month."

Biggs—Well, it shows she thinks of you——

"No, it's because she never can remember to sew on the button."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Statement of the Condition
OF THE
BANK OF HARTFORD

At the Close of Business, January 7, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Bills discounted	$70,911.82
Real estate	3,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00
Bonds and Bank Stock	1,341.67
Debts in suit	743.54
Cash on hand	14,117.78
Cash in other Banks	17,280.68
	$108,395.49

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$30,000.00
Deposits	72,486.85
Dividends unpaid	1,144.00
Due other Banks	4.30
Discount and Exchange	413.61
Undivided Profits	4,346.73
	$108,395.49

A dividend of $4.00 per share is now due and payable on demand.

S. K. COX, PRESIDENT.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County City or Town, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THE DRUM.

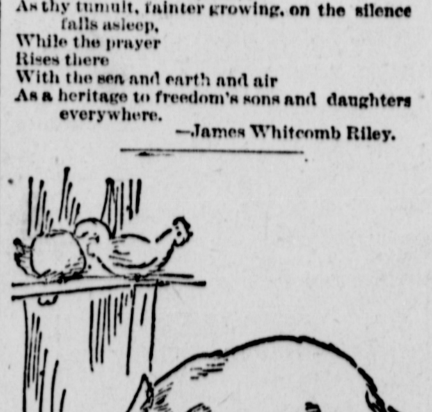
Oh, the drum!
There is some
Intonation in thy grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere
Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear.

There's a part
Of the art
Of thy music throbbing heart
That thrills a something in us that awakens with a start,
And in rhyme
With the chime
And exactitude of time
Goes marching on to glory to thy melody sublime.

And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed,
And he looms
From the glooms
Of a century of tombs,
And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty blooms.

And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a purpose pure and wise,
As the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies
That is bright
Red and white
With a blurr of starry light,
As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.

There are deep
Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap,
As thy tumult, fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep,
While the prayer
Rises there
With the sea and earth and air
As a heritage to freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.
—James Whitcomb Riley.



Stealthy in its approach.

Too often, when the situation becomes fully known, it is too late. That is true of Kidney Disease. A little soreness—a little lameness of the back. These excite no suspicion. Suddenly acute symptoms supervene and death ensues. It is like the fatal spring of the wolf. Let us reason together a little.

1. On the slightest symptom why not use Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure?

2. Because it is guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. So you only pay for benefit actually received.

3. If you should be mistaken in fearing kidney disease, it will do no harm and has at any rate cleansed your blood, given you renewed life as it were, cleared your head, toned up your stomach, invigorated your nerves and fibre, and insured you against the disease you fear. Take home a bottle to-day.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ALMANAC
For 1893
Contains One Hundred Recipes for making delicious Candy cheaply and quickly at home. This book is given away at drug and general stores.

Fair Bros. & Co.

—OFFER—

Twenty Money-Saving Bargains.

Do You need any of Them?

1 Best Prints - - 5c.
2 Best Bleach 8½c.
3 Best Shirting - 7c.
4 Nice White Goods - c.
5 Fine Challies - c.
6 Men's Work Shirts 25c.
7 Ladies Vest 10c
8 " Fast Black Hose 8½c
9 Men's Seamles Socks 8½c
10 " Balbrigan " 20c
11 Ladies Hats 50c. to $2.50.
12 " Oxford Ties 50c. to $2.
13 " 1893 Fine Shoes $1.50.
14 " Custom Made " $2.00.
15 Child Red Oxfords 75c.
16 Men's low cut Shoes $1.00 to $3.50.
17 " Brogan " 90c.
18 " Plow " 1.00.
19 Boys Knee Pants - 25c.
20 Men's Suits $3.50 to $20.00.

Look it all over and come to see us.

Hartford Temple of Fashion,

FAIR BROS. & CO., Proprietors.

FRIDAY. MAY 5, 1893.

PREMIUM!

One nice Patent Head Guitar given to anyone Buying $25.00 worth of goods (except oils and paints) at my House between this and January 1, 1894. $1.00 worth of goods bought at one time entitles purchaser to one ticket. 25 tickets 1 guitar. Resp'y,
L. B. BEAN, Hartford, Ky.

Tracy & Son want your produce.

Buy your Hats at Carson & Co.'s

Pace is the barber. Call on him.

Remember Kahn's Clothing House.

Taylor & Co. have the buggies for you.

Tight rolled umbrellas at Fair Bros. & Co.

Nice silks for waists, at Fair Bros. & Co.

See the new clothing at Carson & Co.'s

Bargains in pants at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Call at Stevens & Collins for fresh Groceries.

Sugar, 17lbs for $1, at Stevens & Collins.

Stevens & Collins are headquarters for fruits.

Stevens & Collins pay cash for produce.

Call for the Clover Leaf Shoes at Carson & Co.'s

Novelties in Millinrey goods at Fair Bros. & Co.'s

The correct style in neck wear, at Fair Bros. & Co.'s

The latest style in Clothing, Hats and Shoes at Kahn's.

An inviting display of summer fabrics at Fair Bros. & Co's

Buggies, Buggies, Buggies at Taylor & Co.'s, Beaver Dam.

A sack suit that suits your money sack at Fair Bros. & Co.

You are sure to look well in one of Fair Bros. & Co.'s new hats.

Miss Sara Collins, the hat trimmer, is over Carson & Co.'s big store.

Our stock of Shoes cannot be excelled. CARSON & CO.

We have the best Milliner in the State. CARSON & CO.

Ice for sale at any time and any quantity, at Williams Bros. tf

Take your Wool to Kahn's for Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps and Shoes.

W. P. Arnold, A. M., Ph. D., will onduct a Training-School for Teachers at Leitchfield, Ky., beginning May 15th, and continuing eight weeks. Write for particulars. 39-3t

Look at Kahn's new Clothing. You will buy a Suit for yourself and son at Kahn's.

The loveliest lines of ladies hats ever shown in Hartford, is at Fair Bros & Co.'s

See J. W. Hale's nice line of Jewelry, consisting of watches, clocks, hains, etc., at Fordsville. tf

That elegant Prince Albert suit at $15, by the prince of clothing men.
FAIR BROS. & CO.

Remember that we still handle the Anderson Wear-for-Ever Shoe.
CARSON & CO.

Why I am buying my clothing at Kahn's? He has the styles and the best goods at the lowest prices.

You can find Cakes, Candy, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Soda, Starch, Nails, Coal Oil and etc., at Tracy & Son's.

J. W. Hale, Jeweler, Fordsville, is prepared to do all kinds of watch and clock repairing. Bring or send your work to him tf

The Parmelee Library is a good plan for establishing a Public Library. It deserves success. Give Mr. Stevens your order.

Mr. A. R. Carson, head clerk of Carson & Co.'s grocery department, is still selling 18lbs of granulated Sugar for $1.00, cash.

Tracy & Son have opened up in the Grocery business at John E. Bean's old stand and would be glad to have everybody call and see them.

Don't forget the Sunday School Union at Beaver Dam to-morrow. Ample preparations have been made to entertain all who way attend.

Marriage license since our last report: Ed Chinn to Annie Smith, J. Denham Hocker to Bertha Morrison, W. L. Arnold to Nannie L. Tilford.

The press of the towns in which Mr. S. C. Stevens, of the Parmelee Library Association, has placed Libraries, speak in highest terms of his work and the books.

Taylor & Co., Beaver Dam, have the finest lot of buggies ever brought to the Green River Country. Their prices are low and those desiring a nice, servicable buggy should see them.

Mr. S. C. Stevens, of Beaver Dam, is having abundant success with the Parmelee Library. He has suceeeded in putting in libraries at Central City, Greenville and Morgantown and is now at Beaver Dam, where he will put in another. The plan is an excellent one and cheap. The books are of the best class, with good binding, good type and good paper, which you choose. Mr. Stevens will visit Hartford and Fordsville when he is through at Beaver Dam. Read the plan elsewhere in this issue.

For fresh groceries go to M. H. Collins.

The best of feeds for your horse, at Casebeir & Burton's.

Just receieved, a fresh lot of canned goods at M. H. Collins.

Born—To the wife of E. P. Neal, Prentis, on last Sunday, a fine girl.

Remember that C. L. Field is the place to have your horse cared for.

I pay cash for produce.
M. H. COLLINS.

Casebier & Burton will gladly feed your horse when you come to town.

C. L. Field has a car-load of buggies. Call and see his stock before you buy.

When you come to Hartford leave your Hoise at Casebier & Burton's stable.

Casebier & Burton have the best Hay, corn and oats. Call on them when you come to town.

We acknowledge receipt of invitation to be present at the Banquet of the Alumni Association of Hartford College and Business Institute to be held at the Hartford House, Friday, June 2d.

Rev. A. B. Smith, of McHenry, will fill Dr. Coleman's pulpit on the second Sunday, Dr. Coleman being in attendance at the Southern Baptist Convention at Nashville at that time. Bro. Smith is a most unassuming minister, yet one of the ablest in the whole Green River country. He deserves a large congregation.

A Public Library a Necessity.

It was not many years ago that the first free public library was established in this country and England, but the time will soon come, if indeed it has not already arrived, when a town or city's stage of advancement may be determined by the recognition and support it gives to public libraries. Certainly we could not go far wrong in taking this as our guide in choosing a place for business or residence. A public library serves a purpose similar to that of a public reservoir, both illustrates the economy of co-operation; the former is as necessary to the mental and moral welfare of the community as the later is to its physical health and comfort; and the time is not far distant when the absence of a library will lower a city's standing as does now the lack of reservoirs. An appropriation to a public library is not an expenditure; it is an investment which returns the largest dividend. A good library attracts the best class of immigrants, it raises the standard of living, it serves as a school of manners to both old and young. It gives to men and boys profitable employment for their leisure hours and is thus a saving influence in many a life, which becomes a profit instead of a burden, a blessing instead of a curse, to the community. Did it ever occur to you that you share the benefit of the reading done by your friends and neighbors and by the residents of your town or city generally? The more reading the less rowdyism and the greater industry, order and sobriety. This benefit to you is greatly increased if you have children, for their lives must be greatly influenced by the character of their companions. It is almost as important to you that your neighbors children should have access to good books as your own. Edward Everett Hale says: "I should advise any man or woman to give money, time and energy to building up the library of the neighborhood rather than his own, even if he were thinking only of the advantage of his own family." To illustrate the increased influence of a good book in a public library as compared with one in a private library would say upon examination of a book a short time ago to determine whether it was worth rebinding, found that the book had been bound three times, and in the last binding it had been issued from the library one hundred times. It is safe to say that it had been issued three hundred times and probably one thousand or fifteen hundred people had enjoyed its influence. Compare this with the volume in your home library. There is a material side to the library idea, and we believe that Iowa has the only association which deals with this phase, namely, the actual establishment and equipment of libraries in the different towns and cities. We refer to the Parmelee Library Company, of Des Moines, Iowa. This company is represented in this part of the State by S. C. Stevens, of Beaver Dam. A few reasons for indorsing the library work: Each member selects any three books from a list of something over twenty two hundred that he would like to see placed in the library. When he makes his selection he knows the exact size of the book, type, quality of paper and etc. Another good reason is there is no money paid until the library has been received by the librarian. So each member can see and has the privelege of examining each volume before paying for his share.

PERSONAL

J. S. Field, Buford, called at our office Monday.

M. P. Kimbley, Ceralvo, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sanderfur go to Owensboro to-day.

J. A. Heavrin, Owensboro, was in town the first of the week.

Dr. Luther Phipps, Chicago, has been in town this week.

W. P. Render, Point Pleasant, was in the city Tuesday.

Hon. C. M. Pendleton, of Louisville, has been in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hardwick will go to Owensboro to-morrow.

Z. H. Shultz, Sulphur Springs, spent Tuesday night in town.

J. C. Riley and V. G. Barnett, Kinderhook, went to Owensboro yesterday.

J. W. Miles, Trisler, and G. L. O'Bannon, Select, called to see us Friday.

John Smith, McHenry, visited his brother, Attorney J. A. Smith, yesterday.

Mr. L. W. Hunt and daughter, Miss Lizzie, Horton, were pleasant callers yesterday.

I. E. Davidson, who is teaching a Select School at District No. 32, called to see us Saturday.

S. C. Stevens, Beaver Dam, representing the Parmelee Library, called to see us Wednesday.

Mrs. Dr. Coleman is at Calhoon with her brother, Mr. Henry Austin, who is not expected to live.

J. L. Taylor, an Ohio county teacher, has gone to Wellington, Kansas. —[Educational Courant.

Our old friend, J. A. C. Park, Clear Run, called in Friday last and paid up for the year ahead.

Mr. J. W. Lewis and wife, Rosine, who have been in Florida for several months, returned home Wednesday.

S. T. Barnett and Master Ernest Bennett, No Creek, visited relatives in Livermore Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Judge Jno. P. Morton and son, Burr, returned Wednesday from a two weeks visit to her sister, Mrs. J. W. Baker, near McHenry.

Misses Oma Smith and Myrtle Tinsley, of the Washington neighborhood, are attending the Sam Jones' meeting at Owensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Wœrner went to Owensboro Tuesday to hear Sam Jones. Mrs. Wœrner will go to Gatesville, Texas, to visit her brother, H. D. Bennett.

Mrs. J. W. Ford, Mrs. G. B. Williams, Misses Jessie Ford, Mattie Sanderfur, Mary Rowe and Dr. J. S. Coleman went to Owensboro Wednesday to hear Sam Jones.

The roads are just now getting in good condition and in order to enjoy yourself fully you should have a nice buggy. Call and see the fine assortment of buggies for sale by Taylor & Co., of Beaver Dam.

A number of the citizens of Hartford went to the Court House Saturday night for the purpose of perfecting plans regarding the Soldiers' Reunion to be held here July 4 and 5. J. A. Smith was elected Manager and C. L. Hardwick, Secretary. The following committees were appointed to act with such committees as might be appointed by Preston Morton Post: Finance, J. C. Riley, Capt. S. K. Cox, Jo. B. Rogers. Arrangements, Louis Gunther, S. C. Taylor, G. C. Westergeld, S. S. May, W. H. Moore. Reception, Col. J. S. R. Wedding, Dr. J. E. Pendleton, L. M. Render, John J. McHenry, Rowan Holbrook, Judge John P. Morton. The committee will meet with the Post Committee on the second Saturday evening.

A Pleasant Evening.

A very pleasant party was given at the home of Miss Emma Fair last Friday night. Different games were engaged in, and all were enjoyed by those present. Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock, and shortly afterward all departed for their respective homes, feeling that it was good to be there. The following named young people were present: Misses Helen Foster, Katie Coombes, Verda Duke, Mattie Sanderfur, Elva Morton, and Messrs. T. J. Morton, W. M. Fair, L. B. Stevens, J. A. Smith, Sam A. Anderson, O. J. Thomas.

Next Week.

Flour $3 to $4 per barrel, seed Buck Wheat for your bees, Skenes Pure Raw Bone Meal for late corn planting, excellent Feed Oats and Millett Seed, Salt by the barrel, very low, at J. W. Ford & Co.

Not Quite so Bad.

It is quite annoying all around to read the various write-ups the Drs. Pendleton have received since Sunday evening when they were attacked by the cow. Their many friends over this and other States would conclude from the newspaper accounts that one or both might not recover from the wounds. Dr. J. E. Pendleton was knocked down twice by the cow and gored once behind the ear, but only a flesh wound was inflicted. The Dr. was down on the street in an hour after it happened and has been attending to his practice ever since. Dr. E. B. Pendleton was knocked down and had a rib broken. He was out on the street Wednesday and will be ready for the saddle in a few days. So that all this great to-do about "may prove fatal and etc." is simply silly and uncalled for.

Strayed.

Two iron gray mares were taken up by me as strays on Wednesday, Apr. 12, at my farm near Beda. The owner can get them by calling and paying for this advertisement. G. W. HOOVER.
Beda, Ky.

WASHINGTON.

Bonds to be Issued and other Happenings.

"Notwithstanding all the talk to the contrary," said a Democratic Senator, who has a reputation for going straight at any point he wishes to reach, and little patience with those who adopt a roundabout route, "this Administration is going to issue bonds, and nobody knows it better than Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle, and in my opinion they will issue them before the first of July." That seems to be the opinion of all those who have given the subject any study, and it is probable that the present attitude of the Administration on the subject was assumed for the purpose of being able to meet the criticisms certain to be made when it becomes certain that bonds will be issued by the statement that all other suggested expedients had been tried and that their failure had compelled the issue of the bonds. Indeed, it has been positively asserted by a personal friend of Secretary Carlisle that Mr. Cleveland wanted to issue $50,000,000 of bonds last week, and would have done so had not Mr. Carlisle stood so firmly against it and finally told him that he might get another Secretary of the Treasury to issue them as he would not, until everything else had been tried.

Mr. Cleveland's proposition to the Wall Street men to borrow $50,000,000 in gold from them for one year at 3 per cent interest, and in default of payment at the end of the year to issue bonds for that amount, did not strike the average mind as a very brilliant one. It was declined, however, because the Wall street men did not wish to take any chances about bonds; they want them issued, and will not help the Treasury unless they are issued, or a definite promise made that they will be issued at a stated time. There is a disposition to criticise Mr. Cleveland for having taken this financial business into his own hands, but a distingushed Republican Senator remarked, "It is Cleveland and, not Carlisle, who will be held responsible for the success or failure of the financial policy adopted by the Administration."

It is stated by those who know what is going on inside Administration circles that the reason for the Democratic attack on reciprocity, which Mr. Cleveland and his advisers have made up their minds to destroy, by annulling all the treaties made by the Harrison Administration, is that it stands in the way of putting sugar and coffee back on the dutiable list, from which they were taken by a Republican Congress. No duty can be levied upon sugar or coffee coming from any country which has a treaty granting their free entry into the United States; hence the determination to wipe out the treaties. The programme is for the Administration to get all the reciprocity treaties out of the way before Congress gets ready to pass the Administration Tariff bill, which is to put a duty on sugar, coffee and probably tea on the dutiable list again. The small wage-earners and the farmers of the country cannot fail to appreciate at its full value this piece of Democratic Statesmanship, which will materially increase their living expenses with no possibility of benefitting them to even the slightest extent.

Ex-Congressman McKinney, of New Hampshire, who wanted to be Commissioner of Pensions, has been given the comparatively insignificant position of Minister to Columbia, while ex-Congressman Thompson, of California, gets the Brazilian Mission and Wiley, of New York, the Consulship to Bordeaux. That rule against appointing "ex's" has been laid on the shelf, along with other rules that were violated almost as soon as they were announced.

The Government is being run just now with only one member of the Cabinet—Secretay Smith—in town, the rest of them, with the exception of Secretary Lamont who remained in New York, being on their way to Chicago, with Mr. Cleveland to attend the opening of the World's Fair. The office-seekers went somewhere—lots of them didn't have money enough to go far—to wait for the return of the appointing power, as they have completely disappeared from Wasingtion for the first time since the assembling of Congress, last December. Mr. Cleveland is expected to return next Tuesday when the office-seekers can make a fresh start.

Among the five Government directors for the Union Pacific Railway Company, appointed this week, were Hon. Don Dickinson, the gentleman who has been posing as the Warrick of the Administration and who said he declined to enter the Cabinet, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, who, it is said, did not ask for this or any other Federal appointment, being an avowed Candidate for the U. S. Senate from this State. Some think that he was given this position to make him withdraw from the Senatorial contest, but there is no reason why it should have that affect. It will be easy enough for him to resign this place if he can get elected to the Senate, which will be by no means easy, as he has the liveliest sort of opposition.

Through the kindness of those two accomodating gentlemen, Messrs. John J. McHenry and T. L. Griffin, the Hartford boys have obtained a fine ball ground out toward the Water Mills and they are putting it in condition. When completed it will be the best ground in this part of the county.

COMING OUR WAY!

The State Capital looms up on the horizon, headed toward Louisville, and the people of the whole country are headed toward the big store of Carson & Co.,

HARTFORD'S GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE!

How are you headed—are you mule-headed or pig-headed on the subject of ready-made Clothing? If you are, just set

YOUR HEAD IN OUR DIRECTION

And five minutes after you get your head inside our door, we'll have your head turned by the sight visible, and ever afterwards you'll be level-headed, at least as to

CARSON & CO.

Remember that our stock consists of everything in Fine Dress Goods, everything in the way of Wash Goods, also a complete line of Notions, Hats, Shoes, Furniture and Groceries. Don't forget that we take

All GOOD COUNTRY PRODUCE

At the highest market price. Bring us your Wool, and don't forget the place—CARSON & CO., successors to Anderson's Bazaar, next door to Bank of Hartford.

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS

Closing Out Sale!

Our stock is fresh, but we are going to move and must close everything out by the

10th of May,

So come quick and get goods at wholesale prices.

Thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours truly,

J. W. TABOR,

Rosine, Ky.

P. S.—Call and Settle.

Come to Hartford

—TO SEE THE—

[illegible]

SPRING OPENING

—OF—

C. L. Field's car of Buggies just from the Davis Carriage Company.

He will save you MONEY by Buying from HIM. Will sell you a Buggy, Harness, Lap Duster and Whip from $60.00 up to $75.00. The Davis Carriage Company has the reputation of building the best Buggy for the money of any Factory in Cincinnati.

So come and judge for yourself.

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1893.

Died at 129.

[CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.]

Mrs. Robinson was a colored woman. She was born in the town of Maryland, in the state of Virginia, in Februrary, 1764. Her mother was born in Africa, and brought to the United States as a slave.

Mrs. Robinson married an Indian who was taken prisoner by the family with which she was living. By him she had fifteen children, three of whom—all girls—are still living. They are Mary Withers, aged 89 years; Fannie Rout, aged 52 years, and Lizzie Jones, aged 46. The first lives at Crittenden, Ky., and has given birth to fifteen children, all of whom are dead, Mrs. Jones has given birth to seven children, four of whom are in the land of the living.

When the Revolutionary war broke out Mrs. Robinson was twelve years old. She remembered up to the day of her death and was able to tell of the red-coated British soldiers and the forces of George Washington as she saw them with her own eyes. She often told of how, when the mistress of the household went out to milk, the man of the house would shoulder his gun to protect her from the Indians. Then she would recall the days when dishes were made of wood. For such an old person her memory was excellent. Now and then, however, when she would start out to take a stroll her mind would leave her temporarily and she would wander about helplessly until some one acquainted with her should chance to find her and take her home.

Saved by Buzzards.

[ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.]

Early Thursday morning Joel Hutchinson, Henry Barnett and others started on a deer hunt. During the day Hutchinson dissappeared. No trace of him could be found until Saturday night, when he walked in, pale and haggard, upon his astonished friends.

His horse had fallen into an old well, and Hutchinson barely escaped being crushed. The horse was killed. The man lay there hallooing all day Thursday and Friday. By Saturday his sufferings were intense. Decomposition had set in on the horse.

Saturday evening a number of buzzards descended into the well. Hutchinson mechanically seized each buzzard by the feet. Suddenly he cried "shoo," and the buzzards rose from the well, pulling Hutchinson up with them. Their perpendicular ascent confronted him with a new difficulty. How was he to let go without falling back into the well? He succeeded in this way: He released one at a time, dropping a little each time, and descending easily to the earth.

At Rest.

David C. Stevens was born Feb 15, 1873, died, April the 23, 1893—twenty years two months and ten days old. A very impressive funeral service was conducted by the Rev. G. J. Bean in the presence of a large and sympathizing audience. As I gaze on the little word, "At Rest," and at the parting scenes the last sad word was spoken, I thought another noble boy was gone, a voice we loved so well was still. He was a true friend and loved by all who knew him. He did not fear death. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord for they shall be saved," and God shall wipe away all their tears and there shall be no more death. His short life was a worthy example for the young friends he left behind him. Let us all strive to meet him on that bright shore.

"Oh, how sweet it will be,
In that beautiful land,
So free from all pain—
With songs on our lips;
With harps in our hands,
To meet each other again."

TRAVIS MAPLE.

A Pretty Surprise.

A beautifully Illustrated and charmingly bound edition of Longfellow's "Evangeline," recently published, is a pretty surprise for book-lovers. It is in good type, with 45 illustrations by Birket Foster and other eminent artists, is painted on very fine heavy paper, gilt edges, remarkably handsome cloth binding, combining the delicate colors, blue, white, silver and gold. No illustrated edition has ever been published at less cost than $1.50, and that is about what you might guess the price of this to be, but it isn't—it sells for only 19 cents; plus 6 cents for postage, if by mail. This covers only the actual cost of the manufacture by the 100,000, the publisher's object being not profit, but to get a sample of his book-making into the hands of the book-loving millions. His publications are not sold by dealers, but only direct; catalogue, 128 pages, a literary curiosity in its way, is sent for a 2 cent stamp, or a 12 page catalogue free. Every home in the land ought to have a copy of this Evangeline, so charmingly beautiful, as a poem, as a collection of artistic illustrations, and as a product of the book-making art. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, 57 Rose Street New York.

Our Shipping Interests.

[AMERICAN ECONOMIST.]

Our transocean shipping has almost died out at sore cost to us, because it has been uncared for. Our coastwise and inland shipping have been protected with such great results as are given in this article.

We have built in ten years more steam ocean-going coastwise tonnage than England possessed in 1860, though she began to build the iron ship in 1840, and had liberally encouraged the establishment of shipyards, paying millions yearly in postal contracts to induce the investment of capital in the foreign carrying trade.

More than that: In these ten years we have built four times as much steam tonnage as we owned in 1860, while that was made up of old sidewheelers, not fit for ocean carrying; and have built considerably more than one-half as much steam tonnage as was owned by the world in 1860. The ships are first-class and their carrying capacity is equal to 1,287,851 tons of sail—the most approved estimates based on experience, making one ton of steam equal the carryng capacity to five tons of sail.

France and Germany made no increase of steam tonnage to compare with ours, though they had all of the advantages of buying free ships of England (an advantage which the free-ship man claims would have done so much to gain for us a foreign carrying trade) while we labored under all disavdantages of starting a new buiness, when the financial condition of the country was unsettled, when gold was at a premium, and when for a part of the time there was business depression and distress.

What has been the result, and what is the advanced condition of the iron and steel shipbuilding interest worth to us to-day? Had we possessed in 1861, these 120 steamships which we now have we could have thoroughly blockaded our coast, and brought the rebellion to a close within a year. Through our present facilities we should be able to construct a similar fleet in much less time.

Then, again, the building of this fleet has reduced the freight rates in the coasting trade nearly 50 per cent, since 1870, and our coasting fleet is superior to the steam fleet of any country except England. How is this, do you ask? Why, we protect the coasting trade the same as we did our manufacturers, and so save it; and then the result is that the country has a better fleet to meet an emergency with than it ever had before. What a benefit this reduction has been to our own people, and yet it has been produced by competition among ourselves!

It was the ship engaged in the foreign trade that was left unprotected; and, in consequence, when the war came the chance was afforded and taken to wrest the foreign carrying business from us and when the war was over we had none left.

What we have done with the iron ship since 1872 is sufficient proof of what we can do to regain our places as ocean carriers, if a permanent policy and a wise one be adopted by our nation. It is no small thing to be able to say that this country is to-day the second iron and steel shipbuilding country of the world—second only to England—and that, without reducing the cost of American labor; we have reduced the original cost of the iron ship to within twelve per cent of what it is in England, and can build a ship having no superior anywhere. Our ten years experience in iron and steel shipbuilding is such a record as ought to stop the mouths of the men who declare that Americans cannot build iron ships, and must depend upon England for them.

Sound Reasoning.

The difference between common sense and mathematics was illustrated in a remark which Tommy Jones—who is not exceptionly bright, but just a common, natural boy—made in his class at school the other day, says the Youth's Companion.

It was the class in mental arithmetic. The teacher asked Willie Smith:

"Which would you rather have, Willy, half of an apple or eight-sixteenths of an apple?"

"Wouldn't make any difference," said Willy.

"Why not?"

"Eight-sixteenths and one-half are all the same."

At this reply Tommy Jones, who was several steps further down the class, sniffled scornfully. The teacher heard him.

"Well, Tommy," said she, "don't you agree with Willie?"

"No'm," said Tommy. 'I'd a good deal rather have one half of an apple."

"And why please?"

"More juice. Cut half an apple into eight-sixteenths and you'd lose half the juice doing it!"

A Noted Minstrel.

M. T. Skiff, formerly business manager for W. J. Scanlan, the Irish Comedian, suffered with rheumatism for years without relief until he bought a bottle of Drummond's Lightning Remedy. Two bottles made a well man of him. There are a thousand remedies for rheumatism, but none have received the unsolicited testimonials from prominent people as shown by Drummond's Lightning Remedy. Ask you druggist for it, or send to the Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted. 39 2t

Lamenting the "Lost Cause."

[N. Y. PRESS.]

The war is over, but when such a representative Southern organs as the Charleston News and Courier gives utterance to views like the following, it is evident that the spirit that prompted the attack on Sumpter is far from dead:

"The best thing for the Southern States would have been the embelishment of their independence as a nation. Their connection with the Northern States costs them many millions of dollars annually, and brings them no compensary benefit whatever. They sought to establish their independence for that reason, and desired to withdraw from the old Union peaceably. No one on their side forced a "conflict between the sections," or desired a conflict. The war was waged on the part of the Northern section to retain a rich taxing district under the same general governmene."

It is impossible to entertain such views as those expressed by the News and Courier and accept honestly the results of the war. The implication that the material backwardness of the South is due to its connections with the prosperous loyal section of the Union is too absurd for serious argument. No reason exists whatever at this late day why the South is not enjoying the same industrial advantages as other parts of the country except the peculiar notions it has cherished. Before the emancipation of its chattels it looked upon labor as the task of inferiors, and since that event it has resorted to every species of fraud and violence to prevent the colored race, the bulk of its working classes, from enjoying political rights. Skilled labor will naturally avoid such territory.

The assertion that "independence" would have been the "best thing for the Southern States" will tend to deepen national distrust of Bourbon leaders, for it is tantamount to saying that the South would be better off if slavery had not been abolished. National independence does not signify material advancement except as it broadens the opportunities of industry. Secession and slavery do not tend in this direction.

Our Citizen Soldiers.

[N. Y. PRESS.]

The superb international display of the marines and sailors from the great fleet that swings at anchor in the Hudson was naturally and properly the most conspicuous feature of yesterday's parade. But while the column of sea fighters of nine nations marching in friendly concord down the finest avenue of the metropolis of the New World was a most impressive spectacle, the escorting forces of the New York National Guard added an element without which the display would have been incomplete.

The sturdy, sun-browned American sailors and marines, as they tramped in admirable formation through the streets, proved by their discipline and bearing the efficiency of the force that mans the swift ships of the new navy. The compact, well ordered array of the National Guard showed our critical foreign visitors the kind of material which the Republic can command for the defense of her honor and rights on the land, if such a defense should ever become necessary.

The foreign admirals and captains who watched the bayonet crowned battalions of our volunteer soldiers as they swept through the City Hall Park could not fail to acquire new respect for the warlike resources of the United States. In Europe the soldier is a conscript, forced to leave the tasks of peace and devote some of the best years of his life to incessant drill. The soldiery on which the American Republic relies for the maintenance of order and the protection of American territory is of a far different type.

In America the bayonets think. The National Guard, which will compare favorably with some European armies in discipline and general proficiency, is composed of men who have shown that they are capable of mastering the principles of modern warfare without being drilled into automatons or abandoning the professions of civil life. The National Guardsmen are citizens as well as soldiers. They have not ceased to be producers in assuming the responsibility of defending the Republic. They are not a heavy burden on the industrial and professional community like the regular armies of Europe. They constitute an important part of the community. They render service to the nation in peace as well as in war; they combine the functions of the intelligent citizen and the trained warrior in a degree that is not equaled by any other military force in the world.

Where Rain Isn't Wet.

A peculiarity common to rain in the Bermudas, the Windward islands, the Hawaiian group and the Alaskan waters is that it isn't very wet. In none of these regions do the natives fear the rain, and even foreigners come to know that they take no harm from being caught out in a storm. It was noted by men on the ships patrolling Behring sea that a portion of the deck, slightly protected, dried out white even in the midst of a shower, and that wet clothing hung under a slight shelter on deck dried in a atmosphere apparently saturated by a hard rain.—New York Sun.

The Oldest Church In Europe.

Canon Routledge, in his "History of St. Martin's, Canterbury," claims the proud distinction of the oldest church in Europe for that venerable edifice. He describes it as occupying the unique position of being the only existing church that was originally built as a church during the first four centuries and has remained a church till the present day. St. Martin's has a sort of rival in St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover, which Canon Puckle believes to have been erected by British workmen some time in the fourth century.

Not Baseball Players.

An Atchison (Kan.) woman has the souvenir pitcher craze. Her house is nearly entirely filled with them, and everything she can lay her hands on she trades off for pitchers. Her family are consequently eating out of pitchers, drinking out of pitchers and doing numerous other acts with the assistance of pitchers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Choosing a Wife.

A correspondent declares that choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.—London Tit-Bits.

Portia, the daughter of Cato, attempted to kill herself by drinking boiling water, but unable to swallow it she hastily crammed handfuls of glowing coals into her throat and died in great agony.

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STATEMENT

Of the Condition of the

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DEPOSIT BANK

At the Close of Business December 31, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Notes and Bills	$62,723.49
Real Estate	3,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Cash on Hand and in other Banks	26,031.22
	$93,254.71

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$25,000.00
Reserve	1,293.14
Surplus Fund	5,250.00
Due other Banks	402.93
Deposits	61,308.64
	$93,254.71

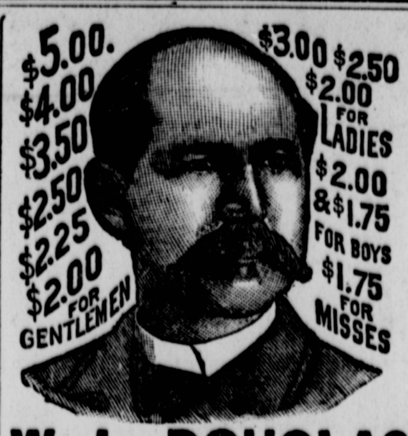
Subscribed and sworn to before me this January 3d, 1893.

SHELBY TAYLOR, D. C. O. C.

In submitting this we beg to state that our business has steadily grown each month since our opening, and by the most careful, watchfulness and a strict observance of the principles of the most conservative Banking, we hope not only to extend our acquaintance, but to prove ourselves worthy the confidence that is being so liberally reposed in us.

We are here to accommodate the people, each and every business, courtesy shall be extended to them, but in no case shall safety be sacrificed for friendship or to obtain business.

JOHN H. BARNES, Cashier.



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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1891.

WEST BOUND.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Lv. Louisville	7:45 a. m.	6:25 p. m.
West Point	8:41 a. m.	7:20 p. m.
Brandenburg	9:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m.
Irvington	9:4 a. m.	8:37 p. m.
Stephensport	10:23 a. m.	9:21 p. m
Cloverport	10:44 a. m.	9:46 p. m
Hawesville	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p.
Lewisport	11:35 a. m.	10:34 p
Owensboro	12:16 p. m.	11:11 p.
Spottsville	1:04 p. m.	11:55 p.
Ar. Henderson	1:25 p. m.	12:20 a.

EAST BOUND.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Daily
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m.	3:15p. m
Spottsville	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m
Owensboro	8:27 a. m.	4:25 p. m
Lewisport	9:09 a. m.	5:05 p. m
Hawesville	9:33 a. m.	5:30 p. m
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:57 p. m
Stephensport	10:26 a. m.	6:19 p. m
Irvington	11:02 a. m.	7:05 p. m
Brandenburg	11:29 a. m.	7:31 p. m
West Point	12:05 p. m.	8:05 p. m
Ar. Louisville	1:00 p. m.	9:05 p. m.

Tsains No. 51 and No. 52 make connection at Irvington (Sunday excepted) with trains on Louisville, Hardinsburg & Western R. R., east and west bound. For further information, address H. C. MORDUE, Gen. Pa'r Ag't. Louisville, Ky.

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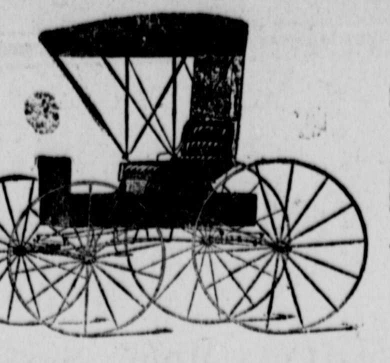

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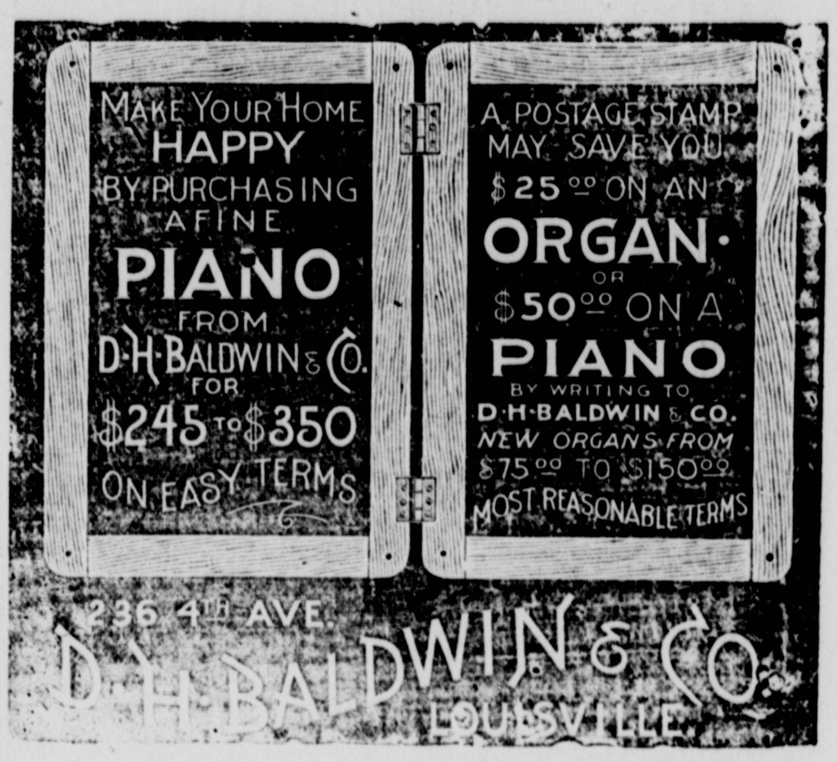

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